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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 02349/2723

BB -1 - Colour

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5H

EPISODE 3: 'The Gamble With Time'

by

David Agnew

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Make-Up Artist .....	JEAN STEWART

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"DOCTOR WHO" - EPISODE 3: 'THE GAMBLE WITH TIME'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
ROMANA  
DUGGAN  
MERENSKY  
THE COUNT (SCARLIONI, AS TANCREDI)  
COUNTESS  
SOLDIER  
GUIDE

N/S:

DEAD BODY  
PATRON

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Int. Leonardo's Studio  
Int. Louvre - Mona Lisa Gallery  
Int. Laboratory (Chateau)  
Int. Hidden Room (Chateau)  
Int. Cafe  
Int. Library (Chateau)  
Int. Corridor Outside Library (Chateau)  
Int. Modern Art Gallery  
Ext. Modern Art Gallery

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TELECINE:

Ext. Paris Streets  
Ext. Louvre  
Ext. 'Museum of Modern Art'

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"DOCTOR WHO"

EPISODE 3: 'The Gamble With Time'

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TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM

Opening  
Credits:

END TELECINE 1.

1. REPRISE: LAST SCENE OF EPISODE 2.

(FROM THE ARRIVAL  
OF THE TARDIS IN  
LEONARDO'S STUDIO)



2. INT. THE MONA LISA GALLERY IN THE  
LOUVRE. NIGHT.

(WITH CAUTIOUS STEPS  
ROMANA AND DUGGAN  
APPROACH THE AREA  
WITH A FLASHLIGHT)

ROMANA: I thought the Louvre was  
meant to be well guarded.

DUGGAN: It is. It just looks as  
if every single alarm in the place  
has been immobilised. A fantastic  
feat.

ROMANA: The Count seems to have  
some clever technology here as  
well.

(SHE GASPS SUDDENLY.  
SHE SHINES HER  
FLASHLIGHT AT THE  
FLOOR. THERE IS  
THE BODY OF A GUARD)

DUGGAN: There's another alarm  
been immobilised.

(ROMANA STOOPS  
DOWN TO LOOK AT  
HIM, BUT HE IS  
CLEARLY DEAD.  
SHE HAS NOT LIKED  
DUGGAN'S LAST  
REMARK)

ROMANA: You have a pretty  
cynical attitude to life don't  
you Duggan?



DUGGAN: Well, when you've been around as long as I have ... how old are you?

ROMANA: A hundred and twenty five.

DUGGAN: What?

(ROMANA SHINES A  
TORCH UP AT  
THE MONA LISA.  
THERE IS JUST  
AN EMPTY WALL)

ROMANA: Look. It's gone.

(DUGGAN SHAKES  
HIS HEAD IN  
DESPAIRING  
RESIGNATION)

DUGGAN: That system around it should be absolutely impregnable. It can't be turned off.

ROMANA: Well, they seem to have managed it somehow.

DUGGAN: Yes. To get at that painting you have to ...

(HE WAVES HIS HAND  
IN FRONT OF THE  
EMPTY SPACE  
ON THE WALL.  
VIRTUALLY EVERY  
ALARM IN PARIS  
GOES OFF)

Hell's bells.



ROMANA: That's what it sounds like! What do we do?

DUGGAN: Split up. We'll meet back at the cafe.

ROMANA: How do you suggest we get out?

DUGGAN: See that window? (A WINDOW OUT OF SHOT)

ROMANA: Yes.

(DUGGAN RUNS OUT  
OF SHOT VERY  
FAST. THERE  
IS A LOUD SMASH)

All this fuss over a painting.

3



3. INT. LAB. NIGHT.

(KERENSKY IS  
COMING TO AND  
RUBBING HIS HEAD.  
HE GETS UP.

HE PATS THE LUMP  
ON HIS HEAD AND  
THEN LOOKS AT THE  
DRIED BLOOD ON  
HIS HAND)

KERENSKY: Academic life.

(HE SHAKES HIS  
HEAD. IT HURTS  
HIM. HE SQUINTS  
AT THE TIME  
BUBBLE  
EQUIPMENT)

Chickens.

(HE NOTICES THAT  
THE DOOR TO THE  
STOREROOM IS  
OPEN AND THAT  
THERE IS LIGHT  
INSIDE IT. THIS  
PUZZLES HIM. HE  
GOES OVER TO IT  
AND SEES THE  
HOLE IN THE WALL  
LEADING TO THE  
HIDDEN ROOM. HE  
GOES INTO THE  
HIDDEN ROOM)



4. INT. HIDDEN ROOM. NIGHT.

(KERENSKY SEES  
THE OPEN CABINETS)

KERENSKY: Mona Lisas?!

(HE GLANCES DOWN  
AND IS STARTLED  
TO SEE THE COUNT  
LYING UNCONSCIOUS  
ON THE GROUND.  
HE STUMBLES OVER  
TO HIM. FEELS  
HIS PULSE.  
SATISFIES HIMSELF  
THAT HE IS ALIVE.

HE FEELS THE  
COUNT'S FOREHEAD.  
SOMETHING STRIKES  
HIM AS STRANGE  
ABOUT THE SKIN.

THE COUNT STARTS  
TO MUMBLE IN HIS  
COMA)

COUNT: Doctor, would you care to  
explain to me exactly how you come  
to be simultaneously in Paris 1979  
and Florence 1508?

(WE MIX THROUGH TO:)



5. INT. LEONARDO'S STUDIO. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR BEING  
HELD AT RAPIER  
POINT AS BEFORE  
BY THE SOLDIER.  
THE MIX SHOULD  
HAPPEN WHILST  
THE COUNT IS  
SPEAKING SO THAT  
WE REVEAL THAT  
TANCREDI IS  
SAYING EXACTLY  
THE SAME THING)

TANCREDI: I am waiting Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Well, you know, I  
tend to flit about a bit, here  
and there.

TANCREDI: Through time?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose so.

TANCREDI: How ... precisely?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. It  
just happens. I can't seem to  
help myself. There I am peacefully  
walking along minding my own  
business and suddenly pop there I  
am in a different time, or even a  
different planet. I had a very  
traumatic childhood.

(TANCREDI LOOKS  
AT HIM LONG AND  
HARD)

So, enough of my problems, what are  
you doing here ... old chap?



TANCREDI: Doctor, I will tell you, the knowledge will be of little use to you since you will shortly die.

THE DOCTOR: Is that so? I've been wondering when that would happen.

TANCREDI: I am the last of the Sephiroth. I am also the saviour of the Sephiroth.

THE DOCTOR: Well, if you're the last of them there can't be that many about to save. Wait a minute ... the Sephiroth!

TANCREDI: (HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS) You've heard of us?

THE DOCTOR: Well, on one of my odd little trips. You all killed yourselves with a massive war, oh, way back when ...

TANCREDI: I think four hundred million years is the figure you are looking for Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Is it? How time flies. So what are you doing here?

TANCREDI: Surviving - the prime motive of all species. We were not all destroyed. A few escaped in a crippled spaceship and made planetfall on this world in its primeval time. We found it uninhabitable.



THE DOCTOR: Four hundred million years ago? Yes the place would have been a bit of a shambles. No life yet to clean it up.

(A THOUGHT STRIKES  
THE DOCTOR. HE  
MUTTERS UNDER  
HIS BREATH)

No life?

TANCREDI: We tried to leave, but the ship blew up.

(THE DOCTOR REACTS  
TO THIS)

I was fractured. Splinters of my being are scattered in time, all identical, none ... complete.

(STARES HARD  
AT THE DOCTOR  
AGAIN)

Doctor, I am not satisfied with your explanation. How do you travel in time?

THE DOCTOR: Well, as I told you ...

TANCREDI: What is that box?

(HE INDICATES THE  
TARDIS)

THE DOCTOR: That? (DOES A DOUBLE TAKE ON IT) I don't know. Do you think it might have been following me?



TANCREDI: I want the truth!

THE DOCTOR: Don't we all?

(THE DOCTOR PULLS  
OFF A CLOTH  
FROM A NEARBY  
CANVAS. UNDERNEATH  
IS THE MONA LISA)

Ah, the original I presume.  
Completed in 1503. It's now,  
what, 1505? And you're getting  
the old boy to do you another  
six of them, yes?

TANCREDI: (WARNINGLY) Doctor ...

THE DOCTOR: Which you then brick  
up in a cellar in Paris for  
Scarlioni to find. In four hundred  
and sixty five years time.  
Very nice little piece of capital  
investment.

TANCREDI: Doctor, I can see that  
you are a dangerously clever man.  
I think it is time we conducted this  
conversation more ... formally.  
(TO THE SOLDIER) Hold him here  
whilst I fetch the instruments of  
torture. If he wags his tongue  
to you ...

(HE TOSSES THE  
SOLDIER A NASTY  
LOOKING KNIFE)

... confiscate it.

THE DOCTOR: How will we be able  
to continue our conversation?



TANCREDI: You can write can't you?

(HE LEAVES.

THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS NERVOUSLY  
AT THE KNIFE.

WHEN HE SPEAKS  
HE KEEPS HIS  
HAND VERY NEAR  
HIS MOUTH. HE  
BEHAVES TO THE  
SOLDIER AS IF IT  
SHOULD BE PATIENTLY  
CLEAR TO BOTH OF  
THEM THAT TANCREDI  
IS SOMETHING OUT  
OF A CUCKOO CLOCK)

THE DOCTOR: Mad, isn't he?

(THE SOLDIER  
DOESN'T RESPOND)

Tough job humouring him.

(THE SOLDIER STILL  
DOESN'T MOVE THE  
RAPIER BY A  
MILLIMETRE)

You don't believe all that then do  
you?

SOLDIER: What?

THE DOCTOR: Well, I mean, Sephiroth,  
spaceships ... it's a bit ... isn't  
it?



SOLDIER: I am paid simply to fight.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but quite honestly, don't you think ...

SOLDIER: When you've worked for the Borgias, you'll believe anything.

THE DOCTOR: The Borgias! Yes, I see your point.

(HE SUDDENLY PULLS  
AN EASEL OVER  
ONTO THE GUARD.  
THEY FIGHT BRIEFLY,  
BUT THE GUARD  
IS CLEARLY A  
HIGHLY SKILLED  
FIGHTER AND  
GETS THE BETTER  
OF THE DOCTOR  
VERY QUICKLY.

THE DOCTOR ENDS  
UP ON THE FLOOR  
WITH THE SOLDIER  
STANDING OVER  
HIM HOLDING THE  
RAPIER TO HIS  
THROAT)

SOLDIER: As I said, I am paid to fight.

THE DOCTOR: And as I said ... I see your point.

(THE SOLDIER GLOATS  
AT HIM.

THE DOCTOR REGISTERS  
THAT THE SOLDIER  
IS STANDING ON  
THE END OF HIS  
SCARF.



A SLOW SMILE  
SPREADS OVER THE  
DOCTOR'S FACE.  
HE YANKS THE  
SCARF AND THE  
SOLDIER TAKES A  
VERY HEAVY  
TUMBLE, WITH  
EASELS AND ALL  
SORTS OF THINGS  
FALLING ON TOP  
OF HIM. HE  
DOESN'T MOVE  
AGAIN FOR A BIT)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) I'm sorry, but  
standing on a fellow's scarf is a bit  
thick.

(On to page 14)



(HE MOVES TOWARDS THE  
TARDIS, THEN STOPS  
AND NOTICES A LARGE  
STACK OF UNPAINTED  
CANVASSES LEANING  
AGAINST THE WALL  
OF THE STUDIO.

HE TAKES A LARGE MODERN  
FELT TIP PEN OUT  
OF HIS POCKET AND GOES  
OVER TO THEM.

HE SCRAWLS SOMETHING  
ON EACH OF THEM,  
THOUGH WE DON'T SEE  
WHAT.

HE IS HIGHLY PLEASED  
WITH HIMSELF. THEN  
HE SPOTS A SMALL  
MIRROR. HE GRINS.

PICKING UP A PEN HE  
HOLDS THE MIRROR  
AT RIGHT ANGLES  
TO A PIECE OF  
PAPER AND WRITES)

THE DOCTOR: (AS HE WRITES) Dear Leo,  
Sorry to have missed you. Hope you  
are well. Sorry about the mess on the  
canvasses, just paint over, there's a  
good chap. See you earlier, love, the  
Doctor.

(HE FOLDS THE PAPER  
AND STICKS UNDER  
A PILE OF OTHER  
PAPERS.

HE GETS UP, AND TURNS  
BACK TO THE TARDIS.

AT THAT POINT TANCREDI  
ENTERS AND PUTS HIMSELF  
BETWEEN THE TARDIS  
AND THE DOCTOR. HE ALSO  
HAS A LETHAL LOOKING  
RAPIER)



TANCREDI: Just going to...pop off  
through time again Doctor? So  
discourteous when I've just gone to  
the trouble of bringing you some  
thumbscrews.

(THE SOLDIER HAS  
NOW REVIVED.

HE ALSO HOLDS THE  
DOCTOR AT RAPIER  
POINT)



6. INT. HIDDEN ROOM IN CHATEAU. DAY.

(KERENSKY IS STILL  
GAWPING AT THE  
COUNT.

THE COUNT SUDDENLY  
REVIVES)

COUNT: Kerensky! Where am I?

KERENSKY: Paris, of course.

COUNT: Paris? Paris? - (HE SHAKES  
HIS HEAD) A dream - perhaps - just a  
dream.

KERENSKY: Who... who are you?

COUNT: I am who I am, Kerensky. I  
am the one who pays you to work. To  
it! Time is short.

KERENSKY: But your face...

COUNT: Do you want to pick a quarrel  
with my face Professor? Beware I do  
not choose to pick a quarrel with yours.  
I might use sharper instruments than  
words!

KERENSKY: Who are the Sephiroth?



(THIS STARTLES THE  
COUNT, WHO NOW  
REALISES HE HAS  
BEEN TALKING IN HIS  
COMA)

COUNT: So - no dream. The Sephiroth...  
you serve the Sephiroth! Now work!

(HE SHAKES HIS HEAD  
AGAIN)

KERENSKY: It's the Sephiroth who need  
all the chickens is it?

COUNT: Chickens! Ha! You never  
cease to amaze me Professor. That  
such a giant intellect can live in such  
a tiny mind. (TO HIMSELF) I must  
think - I must have time to think...

KERENSKY: Then what have you been  
making me work for? I thought we were  
working to feed the human race...

COUNT: The Human race! We are working  
for a far greater purpose, on a scale  
you could not conceive. The fate of the  
Sephiroth lies in my hands! And you  
will work for my purpose. Willingly -  
or unwillingly.



7. INT. CAFE. NIGHT.

(THE CAFE IS LOCKED  
UP. A WINDOW PANE  
SMASHES. A HAND  
COMES IN THROUGH THE  
DOOR WINDOW AND  
UNLOCKS THE DOOR.  
IT OPENS. IN COMES  
DUGAN)

DUGGAN: I thought these places were  
meant to be open all night.

(A TORCH FLASHES  
AT HIM. IT IS  
ROMANA WHO HAS  
ARRIVED ALREADY)

ROMANA: You should go into partnership  
with a glazier. You'd have a truly  
symbiotic working relationship.

DUGGAN: (ALL AT SEA) What?

ROMANA: I'm just pointing out that  
you break a lot of glass.

DUGGAN: You can't make an omelette  
without breaking eggs.

(SO SAYING, HE CRACKS  
THE TOP OF A BOTTLE  
OF WINE AGAINST  
THE COUNTER AND POURS  
OUT A GLASS FOR  
HIMSELF THROUGH THE  
BROKEN NECK.



THOUGHTFULLY, ROMANA  
PICKS UP THE BROKEN  
TOP AND UNSCREWS  
THE METAL CAP)

ROMANA: If you wanted an omelette I  
would expect to find a pile of smashed  
crookery, a cooker in flames and an  
unconscious chef.

DUGGAN: Listen, I get results.

ROMANA: Do you? The Count's got the  
Mona Lisa.

(DUGGAN SWINGS ROUND  
A CHAIR FOR HIMSELF  
AND SITS ON IT BACK  
TO FRONT LEANING OVER  
THE CHAIRBACK.

ROMANA MOVES A CHAIR  
FORWARD AND SITS ON  
IT NORMALLY)

DUGGAN: Yeah seven of them. You know  
what I don't understand?

ROMANA: I expect so.

DUGGAN: There are seven potential  
buyers, and exactly seven Mona Lisas.

ROMANA: Yes.

DUGGAN: And six of them have been  
sitting bricked up for centuries.  
Where did they come from? How did the  
Count know they were there?

ROMANA: Taxes the mind doesn't it?



(DUGGAN PAUSES FOR  
A MOMENT, THEN  
A SLIGHTLY WORRIED  
LOOK CREEPS OVER  
HIS FACE)

DUGGAN: There is one answer, but...

ROMANA: But what?

DUGGAN: No, you'll think I've gone  
mad, no it's crazy, my brain's too  
tired. Forget it.

ROMANA: No tell me.

DUGGAN: You'll only laugh.

ROMANA: You're man enough to take  
that aren't you?

DUGGAN: Well, I was thinking of all  
that weird equipment in the Count's  
lab. I mean one answer to this whole  
business would be that somebody had...  
er...discovered time travel...

ROMANA: (STIFLES A LAUGH) Don't be  
silly. Go to sleep.

DUGGAN: Yeah, I'll think of something  
more sensible in the morning.

(HE TAKES A SWIG  
FROM THE BOTTLE  
AND SUDDENLY  
SPLUTTERS)

ROMANA: What's the matter?

DUGGAN: Oh nothing. Just cut my lip.



8. INT. LAB. NIGHT.

(THE COUNT AND  
KERENSKY, AT THE  
MAIN WORK BENCH.

THE COUNT PRODUCES  
A SHEAF OF PLANS  
FOR THE PROFESSOR)

COUNT: Now Professor, see the true  
end product of your labours. This is  
what you will now produce for me.

(THE PROFESSOR IS  
LOOKING NERVOUS  
AND RELUCTANT)

(ANGRILY) Look at it!

(THE PROFESSOR BEGINS  
TO LOOK THROUGH THE  
PAPERS. CONSTERNATION  
CREEPS OVER HIS FACE)

KERENSKY: But Count... this is... this  
machine is precisely the revers of  
what we... what I have been working on.

COUNT: But you will agree that the  
research you have done under my guidance  
points equally well in either direction.



KERENSKY: Yes, yes it does. It means increasing the very effect I was trying to eliminate.

COUNT: Precisely.

(KERENSKY FLIPS  
THROUGH A FEW  
MORE PAGES IN  
GROWING ALARM)

KERENSKY: But the scale of this is fantastic. What are you trying to do, Count? This is monstrous beyond imagining ...

COUNT: You will do it for me Professor.

KERENSKY: No! A thousand times no! Even if I wanted to I could not.

COUNT: Oh? And why is that?

KERENSKY: Equipment on this scale, power on this scale. It would cost millions and millions. Even you, Count, could not afford such things.

(AT THAT MOMENT  
HERMANN ENTERS,  
CARRYING A PAINTING  
WRAPPED UP)

HERMANN: Sir, the Mona Lisa is no longer in the Louvre.

COUNT: Excellent, Hermann, excellent.



HERMANN: The moment the news breaks  
sir, each of our seven buyers will  
be ready.

(COUNT WITH A ROAR  
OF DELIGHTED LAUGHTER)

COUNT: The fools! The poor simple  
fools! How much money will that  
bring us Hermann?

HERMANN: About a hundred million  
dollars sir.

COUNT: Continue with your work  
Professor! Enjoy it, or you will  
die.

(SUITABLY HORRIFIED  
REACTION FROM  
KERENSKY. SUITABLE  
NON-REACTION FROM  
HERMANN)



9. INT. LEONARDO'S STUDIO. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR SEATED  
AT TABLE. THE SOLIDER  
IS STILL HOLDING HIM  
AT RAPIER POINT.

THE COUNT HAS FIXED  
THE THUMBSCREWS ON  
THE DOCTOR'S HANDS.

THE DOCTOR FLINCHES)

TANCREDI: I haven't even started  
yet Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I know. It's just your  
hands are cold.

TANCREDI: So sensitive Doctor?  
I think we're in for a little treat.

THE DOCTOR: All this is totally  
unnecessary you know.

TANCREDI: You make it necessary  
Doctor. You will not tell me the  
truth.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, well I've changed  
my mind. If there's one thing I  
can't bear it's being tortured by  
someone with cold hands. What do  
you want to know?

TANCREDI: Excellent Doctor. I want  
to know how you travel in time.

THE DOCTOR: Simple. I'm a Time Lord.



TANCREDI: And the girl?

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
ALARMED AT THIS  
SUDDEN TURN IN  
THE CONVERSATION)

The truth Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Ah, well ...

TANCREDI: Time is running out  
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: What are you talking  
about? This is only 1505 you know.

(TANCREDI MAKES A  
MOVE TOWARDS THE  
THUMBSCREWS)

Alright, alright, I'll tell you.  
But one thing I'd like to know  
first. How do you communicate  
across time with the other splinters  
of yourself?

TANCREDI: Doctor - I am asking  
the questions!



10. INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT.

(THE COUNT AND COUNTESS.

OPEN ON THE COUNT  
STARING AT HIMSELF  
IN A GORGEOUS MIRROR  
MOUNTED OVER THE  
MANTELPIECE. HE IS  
IN A REVERIE, TOUCHING  
HIS FACE)

COUNTESS: Why do you still worry  
my dear? We have the Mona Lisa!  
We've done it! Think of the wealth  
that will be ours!

COUNT: The wealth is not everything.

COUNTESS: The achievement, I know,  
the achievement.

COUNT: Achievement! You talk to me  
of achievement because I steal the  
Mona Lisa! Can you imagine how  
a man might feel if he had caused  
the pyramids to be built? The  
heavens to be mapped? Accounted  
for the movements of the planets?  
Created the first wheel! Been  
the first to show the use of fire  
itself! To have brought an entire  
race up from nothing. To save  
his own race!

COUNTESS: What are you talking  
about my dear. No one can achieve  
everything.



COUNT: I do not ask for everything.  
I ask for but a single life ...  
and the life of my people.

COUNTESS: Are you feeling alright  
dear?

COUNT: Yes ... yes I am feeling  
quite well. Please leave us.

COUNTESS: Us?

COUNT: Me! Please leave me! I  
will join you in a minute.

COUNTESS: (SUDDENLY VERY CONCERNED)  
Are you sure there's nothing I  
can ...

COUNT: Go ...! Go!

(THE COUNTESS GOES  
OUT, SLAMMING THE  
DOOR. SHE IS  
ANNOYED THAT SHE  
IS NOT ALLOWED TO  
BE SYMPATHETIC.

THE COUNT STARES  
INTO AN UNSEEN  
DISTANCE. HE IS  
IN AN ALMOST TRANCE  
LIKE STATE)

(IN A BREATHLESS WHISPER) Scaroth!



11. INT. LEONARDO'S STUDIO. DAY.

(THE ECHO OF THE  
WORD "SCAROTH"  
CARRIES US ACROSS  
A MIX TO THE FACE  
OF TANCREDI, WHO  
REACTS SLIGHTLY  
TO IT)

THE DOCTOR: Are you alright?

(TANCREDI SHAKES  
HIS HEAD AS IF  
TO CLEAR IT)

TANCREDI: Continue Doctor! The  
interface of the time continuums is  
unstable ... I know that! Tell me  
something useful!

(THE WORD "SCAROTH"  
ECHOES THROUGH  
TANCREDI'S MIND  
AGAIN AND HE REACTS)

(TO VOICE) Wait!

THE DOCTOR: Righto.

(THE DOCTOR SETTLES  
BACK)

TANCREDI: Not you! Continue Doctor!

ECHO VOICE: Scaroth!



TANCREDI: A moment!

THE DOCTOR: (TO SOLDIER) Is he often like this?

SOLDIER: It is not my business to notice.

(TANCREDI'S ATTENTION  
IS CLEARLY BECOMING  
MORE DIVIDED)

TANCREDI: (TO SOLDIER) Hold him!

(THE SOLDIER BRANDISHES  
THE SWORD AT THE DOCTOR  
AGAIN)

THE DOCTOR: Sorry but I've got to be going.

(WITH A RAPID MOVE-  
MENT HE LIFTS UP HIS  
HANDS WHICH ARE STILL  
IN THE THUMBSCREWS  
AND SLIPS THE THUMB-  
SCREWS OVER THE END  
OF THE RAPIER, SO THAT  
THE RAPIER IS EFFECT-  
IVELY THREADED THROUGH  
A HOLE IN THE STRUCTURE  
OF THE SCREWS. HE  
QUICKLY SLIDES THE  
SCREWS DOWN THE LENGTH  
OF THE RAPIER TO THE  
HILT. THE RAPIER IS  
NOW TRAPPED. THE DOCTOR  
JERKS HIS HANDS DOWN  
HARD, SNAPPING THE RAPIER.

THIS ALL HAPPENS IN A  
FRACTION OF A SECOND.  
THE SOLDIER IS ASTON-  
ISHED. HE THROWS ASIDE  
THE USELESS HILT AND  
RUSHES AT THE DOCTOR.  
THE DOCTOR SIDESTEPS  
AND TRIPS HIM. HE GOES  
FLYING INTO TANCREDI  
WHO IS STILL DISTRACTED.



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THE DOCTOR QUICKLY  
SLIPS THE THUMB-  
SCREWS OFF (THEY  
WERE NOT TIGHTENED  
BECAUSE THE DOCTOR  
AGREED TO SPEAK)  
AND MAKES A DASH FOR  
THE TARDIS.

HE GETS IN AND CLOSES  
THE DOOR.

THE SOLDIER RECOVERS  
HIMSELF AND BANGS  
INEFFECTUALLY ON THE  
TARDIS, WHICH THEN  
STAYS WHERE IT IS)

SOLDIER: Captain!

(TANCREDI IS MORE  
CONCERNED WITH  
COMMUNICATION WITH  
THE OTHERS NOW)

TANCREDI: I know! Leave us!

SOLDIER: Us?

TANCREDI: Me! Leave me!

SOLDIER: (SNAPS TO ATTENTION AND  
THEN LEAVES) Sir!



12. INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT.

(MIX THROUGH FROM  
TANCREDI'S FACE  
TO COUNT'S FACE.  
COLOUR DISTORT ON  
HIS FACE.

WE MUST SUGGEST  
SEVERAL IDENTICAL  
FACES SUPERIMPOSED,  
WITH A MIX OF THE  
SEPHIROTH FACE.

THE VOICES WHICH  
NOW SPEAK ARE VARIA-  
TIONS ON THE COUNT'S  
VOICE)

VOICES: SCAROTH! ... Scaroth!  
We are here ... Together we are  
Scaroth ... I am Scaroth! Many  
together in one! The Sephiroth shall  
live through me! Together we have  
pushed this puny race of humans  
shaped their paltry destiny to meet  
our ends ... Soon we shall be! The  
centuries that divide me shall be  
undone! The centuries that divide  
me shall be undone ....!!

(AT LEAST ONCE IN  
THIS SEQUENCE WE  
SHOULD BE AWARE  
OF TANCREDI IN  
FLORENCE PARTICIPATING  
IN THIS GESTALT.

WE SHOULD ALSO BE  
AWARE OF THE TARDIS  
STILL STANDING THERE)



13. INT. TARDIS. SHUTTER SCREEN.  
(NOT WHOLE TARDIS SET)

(WE SEE THE DOCTOR  
WATCHING ALL THIS  
ON THE TARDIS  
SHUTTER SCREEN)



14. INT. LEONARDO'S STUDIO. DAY.

(AT THE END OF THE  
SEQUENCE, WHICH  
RISES TO A CRESCENDO  
OF EFFECTS, WE  
REVERT VERY SUDDENLY  
TO TANCREDI STANDING  
ALONE IN THE STUDIO  
LOOKING AT THE TARDIS,  
WHICH PROMPTLY  
DEMATERIALISES.

WE CUT VERY SHARPLY  
TO:)



15. INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT.

(CS COUNT'S FACE)

COUNT: (TO HIMSELF) So the Doctor  
has the secret. The Doctor and the  
girl ...

(HE CONSIDERS THIS  
FOR A MOMENT. IT  
IS OF PARAMOUNT  
IMPORTANCE TO HIM.

THEN HE STRIDES  
QUICKLY TOWARDS THE  
DOOR)



16. INT. MODERN ART GALLERY. DAY.

(IT IS EARLY MORNING,  
DAYLIGHT OUTSIDE,  
BUT THE GALLERY ISN'T  
OPEN YET. IT IS  
DESERTED. THERE IS  
AN EMPTY SPACE FROM  
WHICH THE TARDIS  
DISAPPEARED. INTO  
THIS THE TARDIS  
MATERIALISES. THE  
DOCTOR STEPS OUT)

THE DOCTOR: The centuries that  
divide me shall be undone. I don't  
like the sound of that.



17. EXT. MODERN ART GALLERY DOOR. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR COMES OUT  
OF THE DOOR, CIRCUM-  
SPECTLY. HE RATHER  
GUILTILY TWISTS THE  
ENDS OF WIRES HE CUT  
TOGETHER, RATHER LIKE  
A CHILD WHO HAS BROKEN  
SOMETHING OF VALUE  
AND HOPES THAT NO-ONE  
WILL NOTICE.

HE RUNS HIS SCARF  
OVER THE DOOR HANDLE  
TO GET RID OF FINGER-  
PRINTS)



TELECINE 2:

Ext. Street Outside  
Modern Art Gallery.  
Early Morning.

THE DOCTOR looks  
both ways.

For a moment he  
seems undecided.  
Then he hurries off  
in one direction.  
He is definitely  
worried.

END TELECINE 2.



18. INT. CAFE. EARLY MORNING.

(ROMANA AND DUGGAN  
BOTH ASLEEP SLUMPED  
OVER TABLES.)

LE PATRON IS BUSY  
SWEEPING UP THE  
BROKEN GLASS. THERE  
ARE TWO STEAMING CUPS  
OF COFFEE BY ROMANA  
AND DUGGAN. ROMANA  
WAKES, SEES THE COFFEE,  
LOOKS SURPRISED, TURNS,  
SEES LE PATRON AND  
SMILES AT HIM. HE  
GIVES THE MEREST OF  
UNCONCERNED SHRUGS AND  
CARRIES ON SWEEPING)

ROMANA: Your coffee will get cold.

(SHE TAPS DUGGAN ON  
THE SHOULDER.)

HE LEAPS UP, PULLING  
OUT HIS GUN AND  
KNOCKING OVER THE  
COFFEE)

DUGGAN: What?

ROMANA: Here, have some coffee.

(SHE PUSHES HER CUP  
OVER TOWARDS HIM.)

HE SLUMPS IN THE  
CHAIR AND TAKES A  
SIP OF COFFEE)

DUGGAN: That's it. I'm washed up.



ROMANA: What are you talking about?

DUGGAN: I'm sent to Paris just to check if anything odd is happening in the art world. And what happens? The Mona Lisa gets pinched under my nose. Odd isn't it?

ROMANA: Well, when you've finished your coffee we'd better go and get it back hadn't we?

DUGGAN: Which one? I've seen seven. Seven genuine Mona Lisas. What are we going to see today? A couple of dozen Eiffel Towers lying about?

ROMANA: The real Mona Lisa. The original one.

DUGGAN: But how do you account for the others?

ROMANA: Oh, I expect Scarlioni located his seven buyers, had a chat to Leonardo, got him to rustle up another six, bricked them up in his cellar to age properly, stole the one from the Louvre and now sells the whole lot for enormous profit. Sound reasonable?

(DUGGAN STARES MOODILY  
INTO HIS COFFEE)

DUGGAN: I used to do divorce investigations you know. Never had anything like this.

ROMANA: As far as I can see, there's only one flaw in that line of reasoning.

DUGGAN: Go on, surprise me.



ROMANA: That equipment of Kerensky's wouldn't work effectively as a time machine.

DUGGAN: Keep on surprising me.

ROMANA: You can have two adjacent time continuum running at different rates, but without a field interface stabiliser you can't cross from one to the other.

(DUGGAN GIVES HER  
A PAINED LOOK)

Just guessing. Come on, let's get along to the Chateau where at least you can thump somebody.



TELECINE 3:

Ext. Paris Streets.  
Day.

THE DOCTOR is walking  
urgently, occasionally  
breaking into a run  
for the odd couple of  
steps.

Ext. Paris Streets.  
Day.

ROMANA and DUGGAN  
making their way towards  
the chateau. DUGGAN  
tries a couple of times  
to hail a taxi. He  
fails. They continue  
on their way.

Ext. Louvre Gardens.

THE DOCTOR. Now going  
at a steady jog,  
approaches the Louvre.  
Outside are parked as  
many French police cars  
as we can manage.

THE DOCTOR runs up the  
steps.

A POLICEMAN tries to  
stop him, but THE DOCTOR  
brushes straight past.

END TELECINE 3.



19. INT. LOUVRE - MONA LISA GALLERY. DAY.

(THE MONA LISA IS OF  
COURSE MISSING. THE  
GALLERY GUIDE IS  
THERE. SEVERAL DETEC-  
TIVES ARE EXAMINING  
THE AREA.)

THE DOCTOR MARCHES UP  
TO THE GUIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Excuse me, did you  
notice two people trying to stop  
this picture being stolen last night?

GUIDE: Excuse me, m'sieur?

THE DOCTOR: A pretty girl who talks  
about time rather a lot and a young  
man who hits things? As soon as I  
heard the theft was going to take  
place I sent them along to stop it,  
which they obviously didn't. Did  
you see where they went?

GUIDE: No m'sieur. But I think you  
had better speak with the police.

THE DOCTOR: No, sorry, no time.  
I'd love to chat, but there's the  
human race to think about ... Bye  
now.

(HE DASHES OFF.)

THE GUIDE TRIES  
UNSUCCESSFULLY)



GUIDE: That man! He was in here yesterday talking about the Universe, now he is worried about the human race! I think secretly he must be a Frenchman.

(THE DETECTIVE HURRIES  
OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE  
DOCTOR)



TELECINE 4:

Ext. Louvre Gardens.

THE DOCTOR running.  
He races through the  
Paris streets, towards  
the cafe.

END TELECINE 4.



20. INT. CAFE. EARLY MORNING.

(THERE ARE NOW A  
FEW PEOPLE IN IT.

THE DOCTOR RUSHES  
IN.

THERE ARE NOW ONE  
OR TWO EARLY MORNING  
CUSTOMERS IN IT.

LE PATRON IS  
UNCONCERNEDLY GOING  
ABOUT HIS BUSINESS)

THE DOCTOR: Patron! Have you seen  
~~those two people~~ I was with yesterday?  
You remember, we kept on being held  
up and attacked and smashing things.

(LE PATRON SHRUGS  
UNCONCERNEDLY. HE  
PICKS UP THE BROKEN  
BOTTLE NECK FROM  
THE TABLE, LOOKS AT  
IT FOR A MOMENT AND  
SLINGS IT IN A BIN)

Did you see which way they went?

(LE PATRON SHRUGS  
AND IGNORES HIM)

Thank you very much.

(HE SUDDENLY LOOKS  
WORRIED)

They can't have been stupid enough  
to go back to the Chateau ...



21. INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

(COUNT, HERMANN,  
ROMANA AND DUGGAN.  
ON THIS OCCASION  
HERMANN DOES NOT  
BOTHER TO CONCEAL  
HIS GUN. IT IS  
IN HIS HAND AND  
POINTING STRAIGHT  
AT DUGGAN.)

DUGGAN AND ROMANA  
ARE BOTH STANDING  
AGAINST THE FIREPLACE  
WITH THEIR HANDS ON  
THEIR HEADS)

HERMANN: ... as soon as the alarm  
sounded, Excellency. He was half way  
through the window. She was outside.  
I thought you might wish to speak to  
them so I called off the dogs. They  
cannot be professionals, Excellency.

(A SCATHING LOOK  
FROM ROMANA TO  
DUGGAN)

COUNT: My dear, it was not necessary  
for you to enter my house by ... well  
I would hardly call it stealth. You  
only had to knock on the door. I  
have been very anxious to renew our  
acquaintance. Indeed, I was on the  
point of sending out search parties.

(THE COUNT IS VERY  
COOL ABOUT THIS.  
POSSIBLY LOUNGING  
ON THE SOFA IN A  
SMOKING JACKET)

DUGGAN: Listen Scarlioni ...



COUNT: I was talking to the young lady. (TO ROMANA) My dear, I think you can be very useful to me.

DUGGAN: You better not touch her!

COUNT: Quiet.

ROMANA: (TO DUGGAN) Thanks, I'll look after myself, I feel safer that way.

COUNT: Well my dear?

ROMANA: Well what?

COUNT: I believe you have some highly specialised knowledge that will be of immense service to me.

(On to page 48)



ROMANA: (ALL INNOCENCE) Who me?

COUNT: I am talking of temporal engineering. You are, I believe, a considerable authority on time travel.

(DUGGAN STARES  
AT HER)

DUGGAN: I was only joking about that you know.

ROMANA: (TO THE COUNT) I don't know where you got that idea from.

COUNT: You friend the Doctor let it slip.

ROMANA: The Doctor...? But he's in...er...

COUNT: Sixteenth century Florence? Yes. That's where I...we met him.

DUGGAN: Can anyone join in this conversation or do you need a certificate?

COUNT: Hermann, if the Englishman interrupts once more...kill him.

(TO ROMANA)

Now, perhaps you'd care to come downstairs and examine the equipment in detail.

ROMANA: And if I refuse?



COUNT: Oh, do I have to make vulgar threats. Let's just say I will destroy Paris if it will help you make up your mind .

ROMANA: And am I supposed to believe you can do that?

COUNT: You won't know till you've had a look at the equipment.  
(TO HERMANN) Bring them.



22. INT. LAB. DAY:

(ROMANA EXAMINING  
THE EQUIPMENT.

DUGGAN WATCHING  
HER, EYES  
POPPING.

HERMANN COVERING  
THEM WITH HIS  
GUN.

THE COUNT AND  
BEMUSED KERMENSKY  
ALSO WATCHING)

DUGGAN: (TO ROMANA) Can he?

ROMANA: What?

DUGGAN: Destroy Paris?

ROMANA: With this lot?

DUGGAN: Yes.

ROMANA: No trouble. Blast the  
whole city through an unstabilised  
time field.

DUGGAN: But you don't seriously  
believe all this time travel  
nonsense do you?

ROMANA: Do you believe wood comes  
from trees?



DUGGAN: What do you mean?

ROMANA: It's just a fact of life one's brought up with.

COUNT: (INTERRUPTING) You see the truth of my words do you?

ROMANA: That you can destroy Paris? Yes.

KERENSKY: Why all this talk of destruction? What are you doing with my work?

COUNT: I will show you Professor. Perhaps you would care to examine the field generator.

(THE PROFESSOR GOES  
TO THE FIELD  
GENERATOR AND  
STANDS WONDERING  
WHAT IT IS HE'S  
MEANT TO BE  
LOOKING FOR)

Now you will see how the Sephiroth deal with fools!

(HE TURNS A  
SWITCH)

KERENSKY: No! Not that switch....!

(A TIME BUBBLE  
FORMS AROUND THE  
PROFESSOR WHO AGES  
RAPIDLY AND SHRIVELS  
UP INTO A SKELETON.)



HORRIFIED REACTIONS  
FROM ROMANA  
AND DUGGAN)

SUPOSE CAM:

Roller:  
End  
Credits:

FADE OUT